

E L E G Y

O N

The much Lamented Death of Ch-----les Co-----ey.
the P O E T. *Libel*

*Dignum laude virum Mafa vetat mori,
Præcipe lugubres
Cantus Melpomene.*

SHALL Co-----ey die, and yet not have,
Some Muse to Weep upon his Grave?
Shall his Tomb be without a Name,
To others who so oft gave Fame?
What! a Poet among the Dead,
Without an Epitaph at's head.
Dead with the Vulgar must he sit,
Unknown, as if he ne'er had writ,
Phæbus forbids his Son should lie
Unfang with doleful Elegy.

Mine then be the Task to moan
The Bard, in Numbers like his own.

How sad and rueful was the Day,
That laid our Co-----ey in the Clay!
Parnassus then for Tears wept Floods,
And wrapt itself in mourning Clouds:
Each Muse put on a sable Gown,
And *Phæbus* had's black Breeches on.
The Bag-pipe grave with plaintive Tone,
In solemn dirge, his Death did moan,
And for the doleful passing Bell,
The drowzy *Beetle* humm'd his Knell.
The Birds his Rivals erst in Verse,
'Tis said wept hov'ring o'er his Hearse;
The mournful *Daw* hung down his head,
The *Crow* went supperless to Bed;
The tuneful *Goose* by *Phæbus* swore,
Since Co-----ey's gone she'd sing no more.

Must then the Worm on Co-----ey feed,
And in his hallow'd Carcase breed?
Strange! Death of him should make as little
As if he ne'er had writ a Tittle!
But *Homer* in the dust do's lie,
And *Pope*, and *Philips*, too must die.
If Verse could do it, surely he
Bid fair for Immortality;
He was of old decreed to be
The Quintessence of Poetry;
The Fates play'd Crambo as they spun
His Thread, and Choicest Garlands sung.
When on his Eyes first rush'd the Day,
As in the Straw newborn he lay,
A swarm of *Flies* on's Lips did sit,
And on his Tongue their honey sh-----t;
And some say, as he lay a-bed,
Will in the Wisp play'd round his Head.
Before a Hair peep'd out of's Chin,
He oft had at *Parnassus* been,
Got pinch of Snuff from *Madam Clio*,
And oft shook Hands with God *Apollo*;
And once in's Youth when tir'd with Play,
Asleeping on a Hill he lay,
A *Rook*, from *Phæbus* sent in haste,
Strew'd Leaves and Dockings on his Breast.
And't's Thought, (with so much Salt he sung)
That *Clio* piss'd upon his Tongue.

As *Homer* did to *Ennius* pass,
Just so was he onc'd lodg'd in As;
And Ages hence perhaps his Soul,
May shriek out Musick through an Owl.
Trees follow'd *Orpheus*, as they say,
From Co-----ey so they run away;
And as your Bards of old took wing,
Turn'd *Swans*, so sweetly did they sing,
So he when fancy goot a loose,
Was often turn'd into a *Goose*.
Though some deny't, and say he never
Turn'd one, nor gain'd a single Feather,
But was a real son of *Phæbus*,
Begotten by him on a *Goose*.
The God indeed neir dwelt in's Pate,
But always on his Shoulders fate;
He had like *Pedlars* under Pack,
A load of learning on his Back;
'Tis true he always did disdain,
The fiery *Pegasus* to rein,
A little Nag he had of's own,
On which he trotted for renown;
To climb the Mount he ne'er had will,
But wisely spurr'd about the Hill.

How wilt thou, great Poetick Ghost,
Employ thy time on *Pluto's* Coast?
Will thou fall to old *Charon's* charge,
And be a Piper to his Barge?
Or wilt thou chuse to be a Fiend,
To be the lash and scourge of Sin,
To waken up Impiety,
And sing it into Misery?
Like *Orpheus*, thee, the Shades below
Will hear, unmindful of their Woe;
His pain *Ixion* will not feel,
But once again forget his Wheel,
By thy sad lyre now tortur'd more,
Than all his Racks and Whips before.
If then there's any brood behind,
That's ready to be born of thine,
Dear Ghost on us some pity show,
And Print them in the World below.

Epitaph.

STay Traveller, and drop a Tear,
There lies a Poet buried here;
Grim Death no taste for Musick had,
Else He, they say, had ne'er been dead.
His Works when born, expir'd in haste,
Beneath high fun'ral piles of Paste
Happy! who nought hath left us here,
For Times unruly Teeth to Tear.

Printed in the Year, M DCC XXV.